

A  
FLEETWAY  
LIBRARY

**WAR  
PICTURE  
LIBRARY**

№ 184

1/-

# DANGER NO OBJECT





# FAMOUS 'EXPORT PARCEL'

**NOW AVAILABLE IN  
GREAT BRITAIN**

# 129

## Different Stamps

This giant bargain collection has been advertised all over the world and has pleased many thousands of collectors. Now, for the first time it is available to stamp lovers in Gt. Britain. You get 129 all different stamps. Here are just a few of the highlights: **CONGO**—Dag Hammarskjold Memorial Set of 2; **SPAIN**—Gold bordered Goya Painting (miniature masterpiece); **MONACO**—Vintage Cars; **ARMENIA**—giant 25,000 Rouble Mount Ararat (Noah's Ark is supposed to have landed there); **BOLIVIA**—"Centenario de Beni". Complete mint set of 6; **ALBANIA**—1921 Double Eagle imperforate set of 5. **MANY OTHER FASCINATING AND UNUSUAL STAMPS AND SETS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD. SPECIAL:** You also get **SPAIN**—Fabulous set of 12 Zaragoza non-officials. This marvellous set will make a stunning full page display. **ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION**—2 interesting labels; **SUEZ CANAL SOUVENIR SHEET**—Facsimiles in original colour of the four stamps issued by the Suez Canal Company almost 100 years ago.

You'll have days of pleasure just sorting this giant lot and swapping material for months. **EVERY-THING** for only 1/- to introduce our bargain approvals. Satisfaction guaranteed or refund in full.



**SEND 1/- TODAY. ASK FOR LOT P19**

**TO BROADWAY APPROVALS**

**50, DENMARK HILL,  
LONDON, S.E. 5.**

**POST  
COUPON  
TODAY**

**LOT  
P19**

I enclose 1/-. Rush me the Famous Export Parcel. Send a selection of bargain approvals for free examination.

Name .....

Address .....

(Please print carefully)

Please tell your parents you are answering this advertisement.

# Danger No Object

IT IS SAID THAT SOME MEN ARE BORN TO COMMAND. GUNNER GUS HIGGINS MAY HAVE BEEN OF THE OPINION THAT HE WAS OF THIS "CORP D'ELITE"—UNTIL COMMAND WAS THRUST UPON HIM.

THERE'S A PANZER REGIMENT OVER-RUNNING OUR POSITIONS, MAJOR—AND YOU TELL ME YOUR BIGGEST PROBLEM IS GUNNER HIGGINS!





## Chapter 1. *Time to Fight*

BEFORE HE WAS CONSCRIPTED, GUS HIGGINS HAD BEEN THE "CON-MAN" PARTNER IN A TRAVELLING MOCK-AUCTION. QUICK OF TONGUE AND OF WIT, HE HAD ALWAYS MANAGED TO DODGE THE RIGHTEOUS ANGER OF DISSATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

I'LL BET A BATTLESHIP TO A TIN OF BULLY THE C.O. MUCKS UP THE WHOLE BATTLE. *FIRE!*

HIGGINS! WHERE THE BLUE BLAZES DID YOU GET THAT GUN? IT'S NOT ONE OF OURS!



RIGHT FROM HIS CALL-UP, HIGGINS HAD OPENLY EXPRESSED THE VIEW THAT THE AVERAGE N.C.O. COULD NOT RUN A BABY SHOW. HE CONSIDERED THIS SERGEANT BELOW AVERAGE.

THIS GUN IS MY PERSONAL PROPERTY, SERGEANT. I BOUGHT IT FROM A BUNCH OF EYTIES THAT BUZZED OFF WHEN THE BATTLE BEGAN.

THOSE EYTIES ARE OUR ALLIES NOW. WE'VE SENT THEM BACK INTO THE FIGHT, AND YOU'VE PINCHED THEIR GUN! NOW GET IT BACK TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS!



HIGGINS KNEW FROM PAST EXPERIENCE IT WAS USELESS ARGUING WITH SERGEANTS.

ALL RIGHT, BLOKES. YOU HEARD WHAT THE SERGEANT SAID. TELL THE GERMANS 'FAYNITES' WHILE WE PACK UP THE GUN.

HIGGINS! GET THAT GUN FIRING AGAIN.



AGAIN HIGGINS CAST HIS EYES UPWARDS IN A GESTURE OF RESIGNATION.

MOVE — DON'T MOVE — QUIT FIRING — FIRE! STONE THE CROWS! WHAT A WAY TO RUN A WAR!





THE GERMAN ATTACK WAS HELD AND AT LAST REPULSED. THE ANTI-TANK BATTERY WAS RELIEVED AND TOOK UP QUARTERS IN THE SHELL-RAVAGED WAKE OF THE BATTLE.

IT'S BEEN OUR TOUGHEST DAY FOR A LONG TIME, ADJ. HELLO! WHAT DO THESE CHAPS WANT?

TROOP COMMANDERS TO SEE YOU, MAJOR — ABOUT HIGGINS!



THE BATTLE WAS OVER, BUT NOT FOR MAJOR VESTEY...

IT'S THE VILLAGE HOTEL THE C.O. MEANT TO REQUISITION FOR R.H.Q., SIR. HIGGINS COMMANDEERED IT FIRST FOR HIS TROOP. THE C.O. NEARLY BLEW HIS TOP BEFORE WE GOT HIGGINS OUT.

HIGGINS IS BEGINNING TO GIVE ME NIGHTMARES!



VESTHEY WEARILY GESTURED TO THEM TO SIT DOWN. SOMETHING, SOMEHOW, HAD GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT GUNNER HIGGINS.

HIGGINS HAS BEEN WITH US TWO MONTHS; AND HE RECKONS HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN RUN THIS BATTERY PROPERLY. YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM POSTED, SIR!

I'VE TRIED, BELIEVE ME — BUT NO UNIT WILL TAKE HIM! IT SEEMS TO ME WE MUST EITHER GIVE IN AND PROMOTE HIM, OR SEND HIM FAR AWAY ON SOME LONG TRAINING COURSE.



# Danger No Object

VESTHEY, HIMSELF, WAS INCLINED TO THINK THAT RESPONSIBILITY WOULD BRING OUT THE BEST IN HIGGINS WHO WAS A COOL ENOUGH CHAP IN A FIGHT.

THE VERY THING, SIR! R.H.Q. WANT US TO NOMINATE A CHAP FOR A THREE MONTHS' COURSE IN CAIRO TO LEARN ABOUT SANITATION FOR UNITS IN THE FIELD. *HIGGINS IS THE MAN!*



VESTHEY STIFLED HIS CONSCIENCE AT THE THOUGHT OF SENDING A MAN LIKE HIGGINS ON A SANITATION COURSE. BUT THERE WAS THE BATTERY TO THINK OF...

IF HIGGINS IS ACCEPTED FOR THE COURSE, WE'LL CERTAINLY BE ABLE TO FIGHT THE WAR OUR WAY WITHOUT HIM CONSTANTLY BUTTING IN...

WHAT DOES THAT ITALIAN WANT?

I MUST SEE SIGNORE HIGGINS! THE GERMANS ARE PLANNING TO ATTACK!



FOR VESTHEY, THIS WAS THE LAST STRAW...

SIGNORE HIGGINS EMPLOYS ME AS ONE OF HIS SCOUTS. PLEASE, YOU TAKE ME TO HIM, YES?

BY HEAVENS! HIGGINS HAS ACTUALLY ORGANISED HIS OWN INFORMATION SERVICE! *THIS IS TOO MUCH!*





AT THAT MOMENT, A SINISTER WHISTLE SOUNDED IN THE AFTERNOON SUNSHINE, FOLLOWED BY AN EARTH-QUAKING CRASH IN THE MARKET SQUARE.

QUICK! GET THE BATTERY  
STANDING TO. THE OLD EYTIE  
IS RIGHT — THE GERMANS  
ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK.

I MUST FIND  
SIGNORE HIGGINS —  
HE WILL KNOW WHAT  
MUST BE DONE!



BUT GUS HIGGINS AND THE OTHER GUNNERS IN THE BATTERY WERE ALREADY BRINGING THEIR GUNS INTO ACTION, FOR DELAY COULD ONLY MEAN DESTRUCTION WHEN THE PANZERS WERE ROLLING.

WHO THE HECK GAVE YOU  
PERMISSION TO TAKE  
CHARGE, HIGGINS?

SOMEONE HAD TO,  
SARGE — THOSE ARE  
PANZERS BREATHING  
DOWN OUR NECKS —  
OR, HAVEN'T YOU  
NOTICED?





FOR THE NEXT HOUR, THE CLOSE-QUARTER BATTLE RAGED AND EVEN THE TROOP SERGEANT COULD FIND NO FAULT WITH HIGGINS' COOL GUN-LAYING, EVEN WHEN THE ACTION WAS AT ITS FIERCEST.

GOOD SHOT, HIGGINS — YOU COULD BE A GOOD GUNNER IF YOU'D ONLY KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.



BY SUNDOWN, IT WAS CLEAR THE GERMAN ACTION WAS A SCREEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A BIGGER FORMATION.

LIMBER UP! WE'RE GOING AFTER THE JERRIES — THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO CATCH 'EM ON THE WRONG FOOT!



MESSAGE FROM THE C.O., SIR — WE'RE TO STAY PUT!

HIGGINS, OF COURSE, WAS HIGHLY DISGUSTED...

STONE THE CROWS! WE CATCH THE JERRIES ON THE HOP AND THEN LET 'EM GET AWAY!



HIGGINS, BE QUIET! THE C.O.'S GOT EVEN MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THIS WAR THAN YOU HAVE!

FURTHER ORDERS FOLLOWED ...

MESSAGE FROM BRIGADE,  
MAJOR. THE REGIMENT IS PULLING  
BACK TO REFIT - AND YOU'VE BEEN  
CHOSEN FOR THAT NEW PARACHUTE  
UNIT YOU APPLIED TO JOIN.

AH! GOOD SHOW!  
I'LL BE SORRY TO  
LEAVE - BUT THIS IS  
SOMETHING I'VE  
WANTED - FOR  
A LONG TIME.



VESTHEY, HAPPILY PREPARING FOR HIS POSTING,  
SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THAT HIGGINS HAD NOT  
YET BEEN TOLD ABOUT THE SANITATION COURSE...

ANYWAY, THE  
LUCKY CHAP WHO  
TAKES OVER COMMAND  
OF THE BATTERY WON'T  
HAVE TO PUT UP WITH  
HIGGINS.

YOU SENT  
FOR ME,  
MAJOR?





VESTHEY EXPLAINED TO HIGGINS ABOUT THE SANITATION COURSE AND HOW HE MIGHT BE MADE A LANCE-BOMBARDIER IF HE DID WELL AT IT.

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT COURSE, SIR. SANITATION! NOTHING DOING! IT MIGHT SUIT THE SERGEANT, BUT NOT YOURS TRULY.



THEN VESTHEY TOLD HIGGINS BRUSQUELY THAT THE MATTER WAS CLOSED — THE MOVEMENT ORDER WAS EVEN MADE OUT . . .

IT'S ALL FIXED, HIGGINS!

DON'T YOU WORRY, MAJOR! I UNFIXED IT AS SOON AS I HEARD ABOUT IT. I VOLUNTEERED AS A PARACHUTIST, AND THEY SNAPPED ME UP. I'M COMING RIGHT ALONG WITH YOU TO THE NEW PARACHUTE UNIT!

O-OH — NO!



## Chapter 2. Show-Down

THE OLD BOMBER SLOWLY CIRCLED OVER THE DROPPING ZONE AND THE FIRST MAN OUT OF THE PLANE HIT THE SLIP-STREAM, HIS BODY TOSSED LIKE A LEAF IN AN AUTUMN GALE. HIGGINS WAS MAKING HIS FIRST PRACTICE JUMP . . .



HE REMEMBERED HIS INSTRUCTIONS. PULL THE LIFT WEBS, KICK OUT OF TWISTS. HE PULLED AND KICKED AND SUDDENLY HE WAS DRIFTING EARTHWARDS. . . .





DURING THE NEXT FEW WEEKS HIGGINS BECAME THE MOST CONFIDENT OF THE TRAINEE JUMPERS. THEN THERE WERE CLASSES FOR OFFICERS AND PRIVATES ALIKE ON GUERRILLA TACTICS. BUT HIGGINS RECKONED HE KNEW MOST OF IT ALREADY.

I'VE GOT A HOT TIP, MAJOR VESTEY. THE BEST BLOKE FROM THIS COURSE WILL JOIN UP WITH A SPECIAL MISSION INTO YUGOSLAVIA.

SERBO-CROAT IS THE LANGUAGE OF THE YUGOSLAVS. HIGGINS! PAY ATTENTION!



IN THE REMAINING DAYS OF THEIR COURSE, VESTEY KNEW HIGGINS WAS HIS MAIN RIVAL FOR THE COVETED PLACE ON THAT NEXT URGENT MISSION WITH THE YUGOSLAV PARTISANS. I'VE DONE MY HOMEWORK, MAJOR! TWO HOURS ON THE BREN RANGE, AND AN EXTRA PARACHUTE DROP. WHAT ARE YOU SWOTTING?

SERBO-CROAT. I HAD A HOT TIP, TOO, HIGGINS. ANYONE ON THIS COURSE WHO KNOWS SOMETHING OF THE LINGO IS A CERT TO BE PICKED FOR THE MISSION!



AT THE END OF THE COURSE, APPLICANTS FOR THE MISSION WERE INTERVIEWED BY THE SELECTION BOARD. VESTEY IMPRESSED THE BOARD WITH HIS KNOWLEDGE, AND KNEW HE HAD PIPPED HIGGINS ON THE LANGUAGE HURDLE.

YOUR TURN, HIGGINS! BUT I RECKON I'VE JUST ABOUT GOT THE TICKET TO JOIN THAT MISSION. YOU SHOULD HAVE LEARNT SERBO-CROAT, YOU KNOW!

WELL, SIR - I DID HEAR THE SELECTION BOARD DUN'T EVEN KNOW THAT LINGO!



QUITE CONFIDENT, VESTEY WENT OFF TO PACK HIS KIT. BUT, TEN MINUTES LATER . . .

—THAT CHAP, HIGGINS HAS GOT THE SELECTION BOARD EATING OUT OF HIS HAND. HE'S SPOUTING SERBO-CROAT TO 'EM NINETEEN TO THE DOZEN!

BY THUNDER! HIGGINS IS UP TO HIS TRICKS AGAIN!



WHEN HIGGINS CAME OUT OF THE INTERVIEW ROOM, VESTEY POUNCED ON HIM WITH DIRE THREATS.

YOU WOULDN'T SHOP ME, MAJOR. TRUTH IS, MY BEST PAL IN CIVVY STREET WAS A YIDDISHER. HE TAUGHT ME BOXING AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN HEBREW. I SAID THE TEN COMMANDMENTS THREE TIMES, AND BOB'S YOUR UNCLE! I'VE GOT THE JOB!



THREE DAYS LATER, HIGGINS REPORTED TO HIS NEW CHIEF, THE COMMANDER OF THE SELECTED PARTY OF SIX WHO WERE TO JOIN THE PARTISANS IN ENEMY-HELD TERRITORY.

I'M COLONEL BRANDON. WE MAKE THE DROP TONIGHT, HIGGINS. OUR JOB IS TO ORGANISE THE YUGOSLAV GUERRILLA BANDS AS FIGHTING UNITS. THE JOB CALLS FOR INTELLIGENCE, INITIATIVE AND COOL NERVE.

MM! IT SOUNDS JUST MY CUP OF TEA, SIR!





HIGGINS' BRIEFING LEFT HIM LITTLE TIME TO GET TO KNOW HIS NEW COMRADES BEFORE THEY EMBARKED IN A BOMBER FOR THE DROP ZONE IN THE DALMATIAN PROVINCE OF YUGOSLAVIA.



THE MOON WAS UP WHEN THEY CROSSED THE DALMATIAN COAST AND SAW THE LANDING FLARES BENEATH THEM. THE COLONEL WOULD LEAD THE DROP... AND HIGGINS WAS LAST BUT ONE.



ONE AFTER ANOTHER IN RAPID SUCCESSION, THEY LEFT THE PLANE. HIGGINS JUMPED IN HIS TURN— THEN STARED DOWN IN HORROR AS GUNFLASHES APPEARED ON THE GROUND FAR BELOW HIM.

GOOD GRIEF!  
THAT'S NO  
COMMITTEE OF  
WELCOME! JERRY  
MUST HAVE GOT  
IN ON THE ACT.



TRACER LACED THE NIGHT SKY AND HE SAW HIS COMPANIONS CAUGHT IN THE MERCILESS ARCS OF FIRE.



COLONEL  
BRANDON'S  
BOUGHT IT!  
HELL'S BELLS!  
IT'S A MASSACRE!

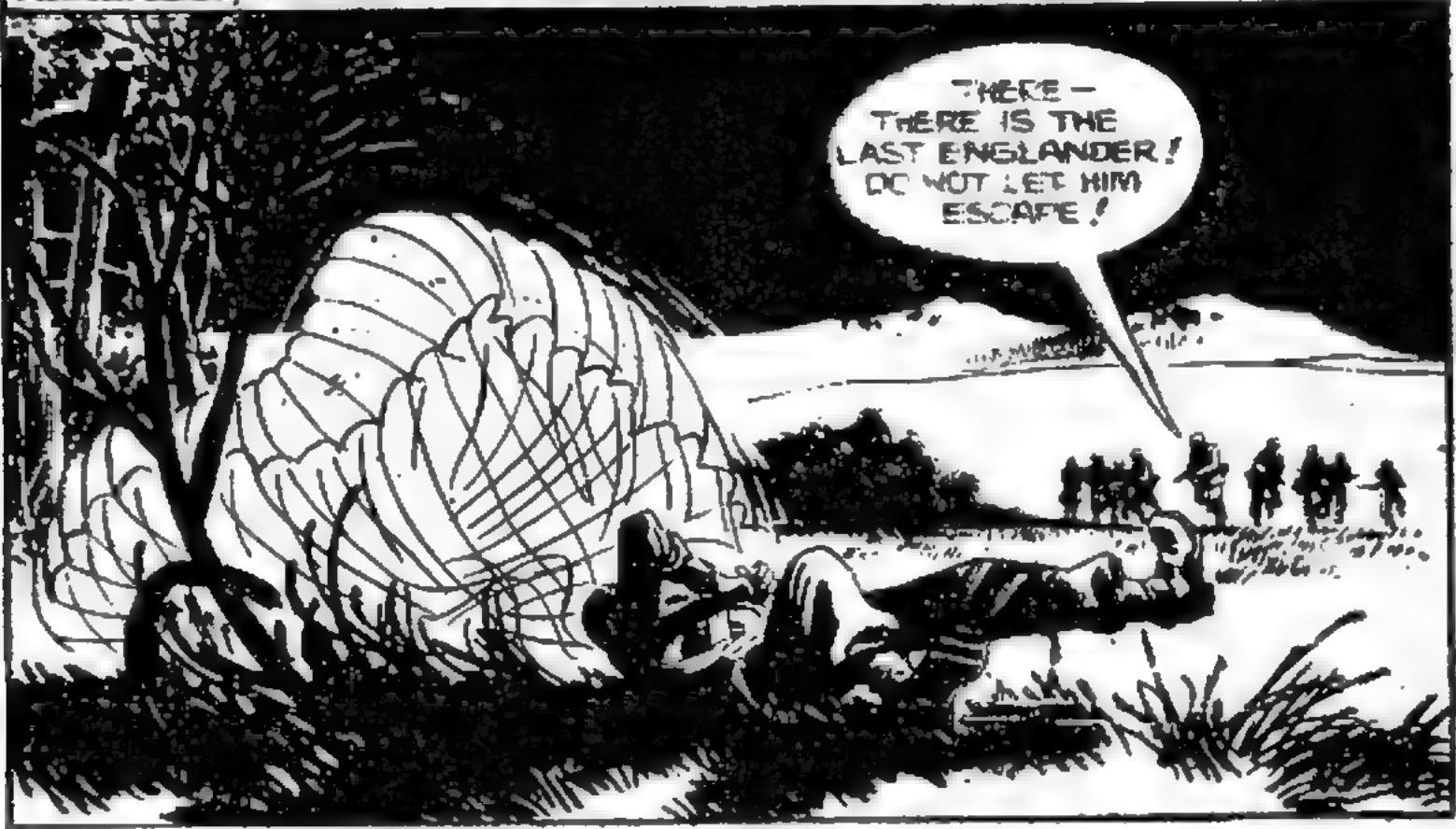
HE PULLED SAVAGELY ON THE RIGGING LINES OF HIS CHUTE. A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND CAUGHT IT AND HE WAS SWEEPED OUT OF THAT DEATH ZONE.

GOOD GRIEF!  
THEY'VE GOT ALL  
OUR CHAPS  
EXCEPT ME.





SUDDENLY, TREES AND GROUND WERE RUSHING UP TO MEET HIGGINS. HE FELL  
AWKWARDLY, THE SHOUTS OF GERMANS ECHOING IN HIS EARS.



NOT SINCE A MISUNDERSTANDING WITH THE POLICE IN THE OLD KENT ROAD HAD  
HIGGINS SHOWN SUCH A TURN OF SPEED. THE BULLETS OF HIS PURSUERS WHIPPED  
ALL ABOUT HIM.



# Danger No Object

THE DAWN WAS COMING UP WHEN HIGGINS BURST OUT OF THE WOOD THAT HIS HUNTERS WERE TRYING TO CORDON. HE PANTED UP THE LOWER SLOPES OF THE HILLS, BADLY IN NEED OF A HIDING-PLACE AND A CHANGE OF LUCK.



TOO LATE, HE SENSED THE SHADOWS AMONG THE BRUSH BEHIND HIM. HE SWUNG ROUND TO FACE A RING OF GUNS ...

STONE THE CROWS! WHOSE SIDE ARE THEY ON?





THEY GESTURED URGENTLY AND WHISPERED TO HIM REASSURINGLY IN THEIR LANGUAGE. ALL HE COULD MAKE OUT WAS THAT HE HAD STUMBLED AMONG PARTISANS . . .

NON COMPREND THE JUG TALK, CHUM. TOO MUCH TALKY. LET'S HAVE BANG-BANG AT GERMANS, YES? I SHOW YOU!



PUZZLED, THE PARTISANS WATCHED HIGGINS WORK HIS WAY TO THE BROW OF THE HILL. THE JERRIES HAD TURNED TO SEARCH THE LOWER SLOPES.

HE FOUND A SPOT WHERE THE GERMANS WOULD HAVE TO COME PAST THE HIDDEN YUGOSLAVS TO GET HIM . . . THEN ROSE TO HIS FEET.

IF I LEAD THOSE JERRIES BACK HERE - THE JUGS'LL HAVE 'EM ON ICE!



WAKEY-WAKEY, YOU HUNS! TRY YOUR GOOSE-STEP THIS WAY!



WITH GUTTURAL SHOUTS, THE ENEMY STREAMED UP THE HILL, AND HIGGINS FLUNG HIMSELF DOWN INTO COVER.

THEY'RE NEARLY IN THE AMBUSH. IF THE JUGS HOLD THEIR FIRE ANOTHER MINUTE, THOSE JERRIES WON'T EVER SHOOT ANY MORE PARACHUTISTS.



THE GERMANS SAW THE TRAP TOO LATE. A DEADLY STORM OF LEAD LASHED AT THEM . . .

THIS BEGINS TO EVEN UP THE SCORE FOR COLONEL BRANDON AND THE OTHER BLOKES.





IN FIVE MINUTES IT WAS ALL OVER. THE BEAMING YUGOSLAVS GATHERED AROUND HIGGINS, WIDE GRINS ON THEIR TOUGH FACES.

INGLES! GOOD!

JUGS GOOD!



THEY LED HIGGINS FIVE STRENUOUS MILES ACROSS THE HILLS UNTIL THEY CAME INTO SIGHT OF A SMALL VILLAGE.

RIYNO!

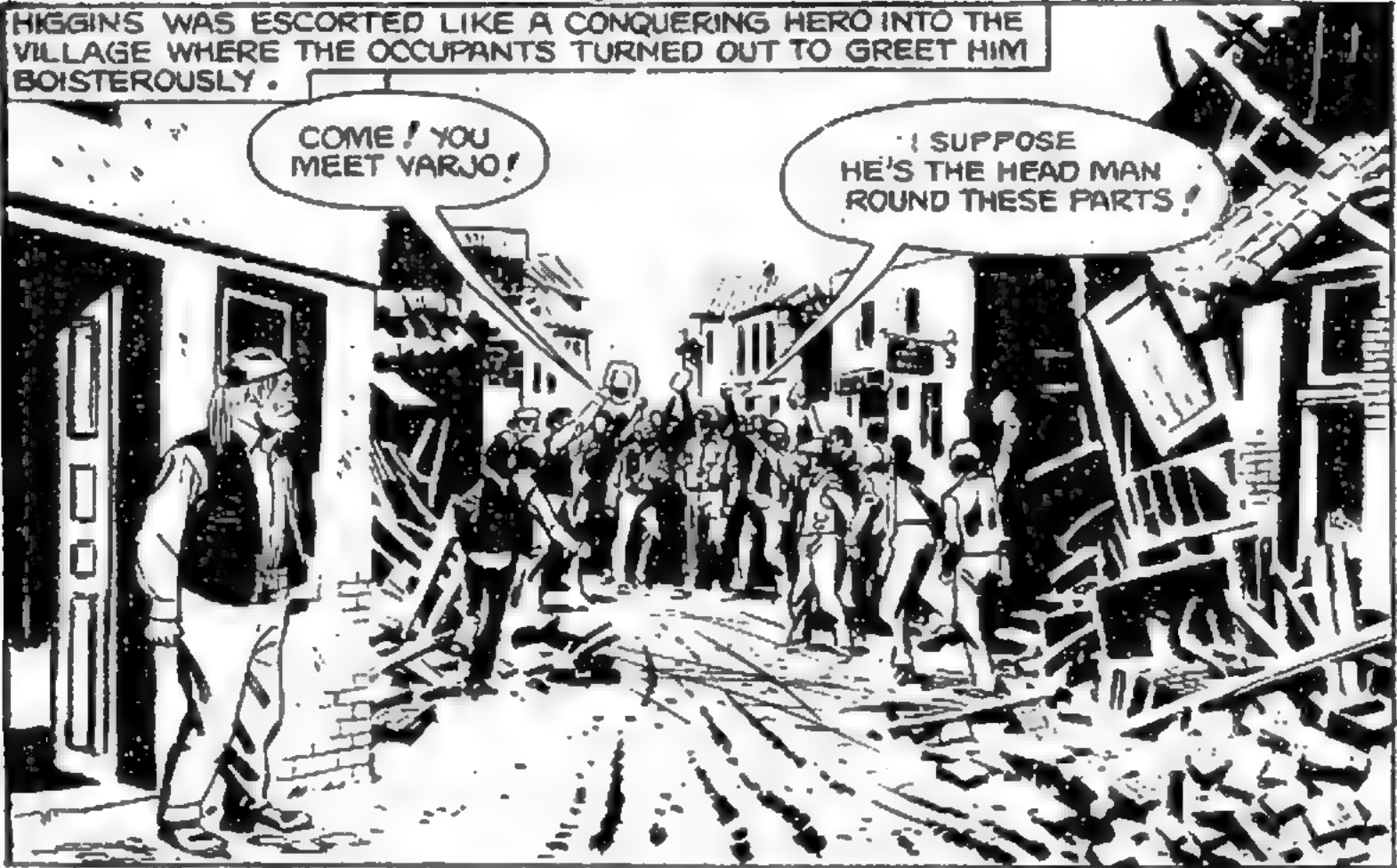
I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE NAME OF THE VILLAGE? IT'LL BE BETTER THAN NOTHING.



HIGGINS WAS ESCORTED LIKE A CONQUERING HERO INTO THE VILLAGE WHERE THE OCCUPANTS TURNED OUT TO GREET HIM BOISTEROUSLY.

COME! YOU MEET VARJO!

I SUPPOSE HE'S THE HEAD MAN ROUND THESE PARTS!



VARJO GREETED HIM WARMLY, AND HIGGINS WAS RELIEVED AT LAST TO FIND SOMEONE WHO SPOKE ENGLISH.

WE MOURN THE LOSS OF THE BRAVE FRIENDS WHO ACCOMPANIED YOU TO OUR COUNTRY. BUT ALL IS NOT LOST. WITH BRITISH WEAPONS, WE WILL YET DRIVE THE GERMANS FROM THIS PROVINCE.

AND YOU CAN COUNT ON ME WEIGHING IN, VARJO.





MORE PARTISAN DETACHMENTS HAD COME DOWN FROM THE HILLS, AND HIGGINS WAS SURPRISED TO REALISE THEY HAD BEEN ORDERED INTO THE VILLAGE FOR HIS INSPECTION.

WE HAVE INFORMED YOUR H.Q. BY RADIO THAT YOU ARE SAFE. IN RETURN FOR THE WEAPONS TO BE DROPPED BY THE BRITISH WE HAVE PROMISED TO PLACE OURSELVES UNDER YOUR BRAVE LEADERSHIP, COLONEL BRANDON.

COME AGAIN?



AS HIGGINS STARED DUMBFOUNDED AT THIS MISUNDERSTANDING OF HIS IDENTITY, A LOOKOUT CAME RUNNING TOWARDS THE SCENE.


HE SAYS A GERMAN ARMoured COLUMN HAS BEEN SIGHTED AND ATTACKED. YOU WISH TO TAKE COMMAND NOW, COLONEL?

WHAT A TURN UP! BUT I CAN'T LET YOU CHAPS DOWN. OKAY, CALL THE DETACHMENT COMMANDERS—I'LL TAKE OVER.




THIS WAS THE SITUATION HIGGINS HAD BEEN HOPING FOR ALL HIS ARMY LIFE. NO DISORGANISATION, NO STUPID ORDERS — HIGGINS WAS IN CONTROL!

RIGHT, VARJO, I KNOW THE WHOLE SET UP NOW. BEKOV'S MOB WILL ATTACK THE JERRIES FROM THE LEFT. I'LL LEAD OUR MAIN FORCE TO CATCH 'EM FROM THE RIGHT.



HE LED THE WAY AT A LOPING RUN. FOR THE MOMENT, THE CREST OF THE HILL HID THE BATTLE FROM HIS MAIN FORCE. BUT THE DEATH-RATTLE OF MACHINE GUNS AND THE BLAST OF GRENADES TOLD THE COURSE OF THE FIGHT.

TELL THE BLOKES TO PUT ON SPEED OR WE'LL MISS ALL THE EXCITEMENT.





THE GERMAN BELIEF IN AN EASY VICTORY OVER FOOLHARDY ATTACKERS WAS SWEEPED AWAY IN THE RUSH OF HIGGINS' FLANK ASSAULT.

THEY'RE NOT  
BAD FIGHTERS —  
THESE JUGS!



THEY CRIPPLED THE  
COLUMN, DOING MORE  
DAMAGE TO THE ENEMY  
THAN AT ANY TIME IN  
THE PAST SIX MONTHS.

WE HAVE PUT FOUR  
ARMOURD CARS OUT OF  
ACTION — ONE WE CAN  
REPAIR — AND THERE ARE  
ENOUGH CAPTURED  
UNIFORMS FOR  
FIFTY MEN.

IN THOSE  
UNIFORMS YOU'LL  
ONLY KNOW JUGS  
FROM JERRIES BY  
THE WHISKERS!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, THEY USED ONE OF THE DAMAGED ARMoured CARS IN AN ATTACK ON A GERMAN TRAIN. HIGGINS INVESTED THE PARTISANS' PRECIOUS STOCK OF EXPLOSIVES IN HIS ATTEMPT ON THIS MAGNIFICENT TARGET.

WHEEL THIS  
WRECK ON TO THE  
LINE, AND THEN GET  
YOUR SKATES ON —  
I CAN HEAR THE  
TRAIN COMING.



THEY SCRAMBLED BACK UP THE HILLSIDE  
JUST AS THE TRAIN RUMBLED INTO SIGHT.

HECK! THE TRAIN'S  
SLOWING DOWN — THE  
DRIVER MUST'VE SEEN  
THE BLOCKAGE IN  
TIME!



THE GERMAN SUPPLY TRAIN SQUEALED TO A GRINDING HALT MERE INCHES FROM THE EXPLOSIVE-LADEN ARMoured CAR.

THE ANTI-TANK RIFLE, QUICK!



HE PUT TWO ARMOUR PIERCING BULLETS INTO THE DAMAGED SIDE OF THE CAR AS THE GERMANS OPENED FIRE ON THE HILLSIDE.

WE'LL HAVE TO BLOW THE BLOOMING THING UP OURSELVES!

ALL OUR REMAINING EXPLOSIVE IS IN THAT CAR. THIS ATTACK MUST NOT FAIL, COLONEL!



NEXT MOMENT, VARJO'S ANXIETIES WERE DISPELLED BY A BRILLIANT FLASH, AND A ROAR, THAT SEEMED TO SHAKE THE VERY GROUND.

LUMME! YOU WOULDN'T KNOW AN ENGINE HAD EVER BEEN THERE! WHEN IT STOPS RAINING NUTS AND BOLTS, WE'LL RAD THE WAGONS!





AFTER THAT OPERATION THEY HAD TO WITHDRAW TO ANOTHER VILLAGE TO ENSURE A SECURE H.Q..

I AM WORRIED, COLONEL, THAT THE TRAIN DID NOT CARRY THE SUPPLIES WE HAD HOPED FOR.

THE FIRST JOB IS TO GET THE RIGHT BASE TO WORK FROM — THAT PLACE WILL DO FOR MY NEW H.Q..



BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED, HIGGINS FOUND HE HAD TO SPEND MORE AND MORE TIME AT HIS NEW H.Q. ATTENDING TO THE ORGANISATION OF HIS FORCES.

YOU LOOK AFTER THE ADMIN, VARJO. I'M GOING ON THAT RAID AGAINST THE JERRY GARRISON AT KROMOC.

I AM SORRY, COLONEL — THIS SHORTAGE OF AMMUNITION IS URGENT. THE DETACHMENT LEADERS WANT TO SEE YOU ABOUT IT.



IT WAS IN NO GOOD HUMOUR THAT HIGGINS SAW THE DEFEAT OF LOCAL YUGOSLAV LEADERS. ALL BROUGHT BAD REPORTS.

WHAT ARE THEY LEADING ON ABOUT, VARJO?

THEY ARE TRYING TO BLAME YOU BECAUSE THERE ARE NO MORE SUPPLIES. HIM THEY CALL BLACK BEKOV SAYS YOU HAVE MADE WHAT YOU CALL A MUCK-UP, COLONEL!



HIGGINS FOUND IT FRUSTRATING THAT HE STILL DID NOT KNOW ENOUGH SERBO-CROAT WORDS TO PUT BEKOV IN HIS PLACE.

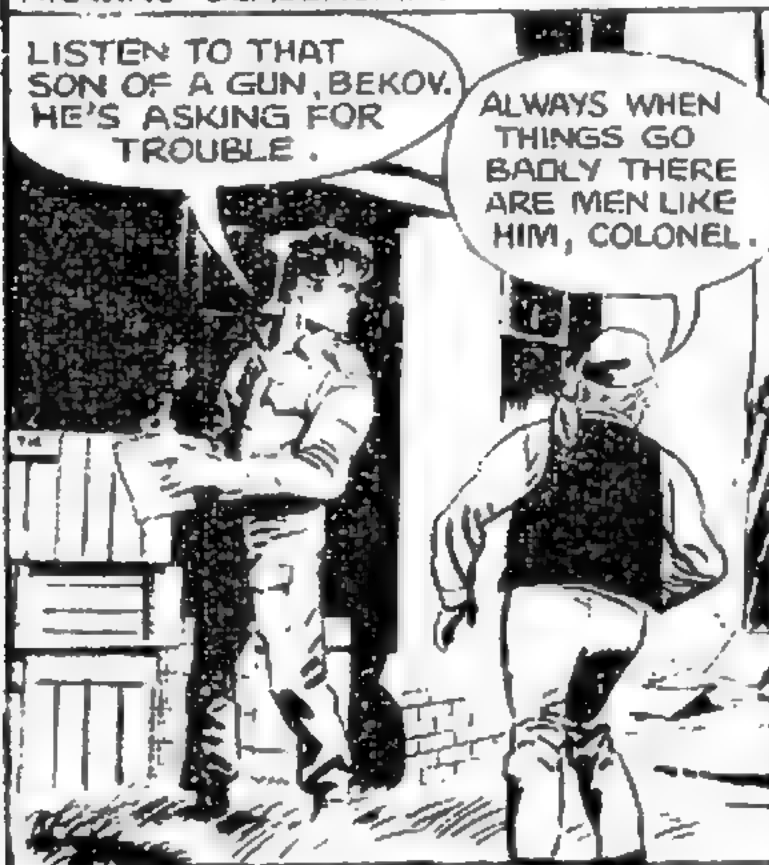
YOU'VE GOT YOUR AMMO. RATION, BEKOV. YOU'LL GET MORE EXPLOSIVES AS SOON AS WE CAN FIX A NEW DROPPING AREA FOR THE BRITISH TO LAND SOME!



BUT IN THE NEXT FEW ANXIOUS DAYS, BEKOV CONTINUALLY CHALLENGED HIGGINS' LEADERSHIP.

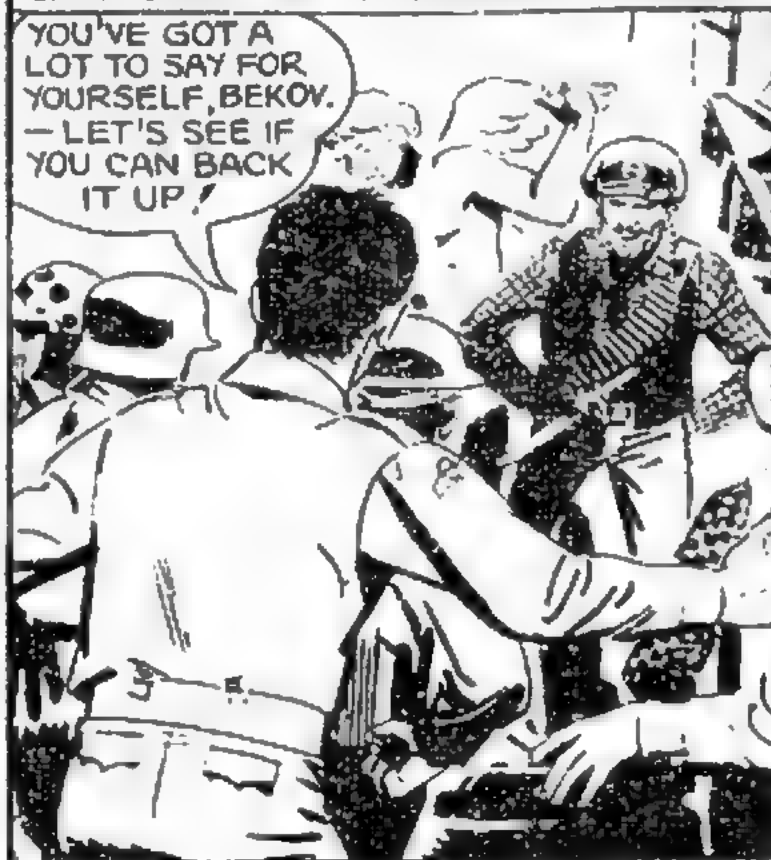
LISTEN TO THAT SON OF A GUN, BEKOV. HE'S ASKING FOR TROUBLE.

ALWAYS WHEN THINGS GO BADLY THERE ARE MEN LIKE HIM, COLONEL.



THE EX-GUNNER WAS NOT GOING TO GIVE UP SO EASILY—EVEN IF IT MEANT A SHOW-DOWN WITH THE GUERILLA LEADER.

YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, BEKOV. —LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN BACK IT UP!



THE BURLY YUGOSLAV'S EYES GLITTERED EAGERLY AND HIS HAND DROPPED TO THE HILT OF THE KNIFE AT HIS BELT.

YOU THINK YOU CAN LEAD 'EM BETTER THAN ME, BEKOV—BUT THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE LEADER. WE MUST DECIDE WHO IT SHALL BE!

AH! THE ENGLISHMAN SPEAKS SENSE AT LAST!





A MURMUR OF EXPECTATION WENT ROUND THE CIRCLE OF PARTISANS AND HIGGINS SENSED THAT MANY OF THEM SIDED WITH BEKOV.



BUT HIGGINS KNEW THAT THIS CHALLENGE MUST BE MET— NOW! HE PUSHES VARJO'S GUN ASIDE . . .



BUT DEFENCE WAS NOT TO BE HIGGINS' TACTICS FOR HE KNEW A LONG FIGHT WOULD GO AGAINST HIM. HE LAUNCHED HIMSELF AT BEKOV, AND FELT THE KNIFE RIP HIS SHIRT AS HIS FIST CONNECTED.

STONE THE CROWS!  
HE'S GOT A JAW  
LIKE TEAK!



BEKOV WAS OUT COLD. HIS GUERILLAS PICKED HIM UP AND LEFT THE COURTYARD IN SULLEN SILENCE. HIGGINS KNEW THAT NO-ONE NOW DISPUTED HIS LEADERSHIP.

I WISH IT HADN'T HAPPENED, VARJO. THE TRUTH IS, THEY'RE RIGHT. I SQUANDERED THE AMMO AND EXPLOSIVES FOR THE SAKE OF A BIT OF HORSE-PLAY. WHAT SORT OF A LEADER DOES THAT MAKE ME?

LIKE ALL OF US,  
MY FRIEND, YOU EXPECTED  
THE AIR-DROP TO COME.



DAY FOLLOWED DAY AND STILL NO AIR-DROP OF WAR STORES CAME TO RELIEVE HIGGINS' ANXIETIES. THE DESPERATE SITUATION NEEDED DESPERATE MEASURES.

WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE WHAT WE WANT FROM THE JERRIES. THE S.S. HEADQUARTERS AT SHIMINI WILL BE OUR TARGET — TONIGHT!

WE WILL BE AS CHILDREN BATING TIGERS!



BUT HIGGINS HAD A DARING PLAN THAT WOULD REQUIRE FIFTY OF THE BEST DISCIPLINED OF THE FIERY GUERRILLAS.

A DOZEN OF THE BLOKES WITH THE SMARTEST JERRY UNIFORMS WILL SHAVE OFF THEIR WHISKERS AND CROP THEIR HAIR THE WAY THE JERRIES DO. THE WHOLE GANG WILL PARADE HERE IN AN HOUR.



AN HOUR LATER, THE TRANSFORMATION SURPRISED EVEN HIGGINS...

WHAT DO YOU THINK, COLONEL?

EVEN THEIR MOTHERS WOULDN'T KNOW THEM. LOOKING LIKE A JERRY PATROL. THEY'LL MARCH THE REST OF US TO SHIMINI. WE'LL HIDE OUR GUNS AND GRENADES UNDER OUR COATS.





## Danger No Object

WHEN THE SENTRIES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE FORTRESS AT SIMINI HEARD THE TRAMP OF FEET THAT NIGHT, THEY QUICKLY ALERTED THE DUTY OFFICER.



THE YUGOSLAV'S GERMAN WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO FOOL THE GERMAN DUTY OFFICER. THE FORTRESS GATES WERE OPENED, AND FELDWEBEL SCHULTZ MARCHED HIS "PRISONERS" IN . . .



THE "PRISONERS" AND THEIR "ESCORT" WERE IN THE HEART OF THE ENEMY STRONGHOLD WHEN HIGGINS GAVE THE ORDER TO ABANDON PLAY-ACTING.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO! VARJO'S PARTY TAKE THE ARMOURY, THE REST FOLLOW ME!

THEY ARE NOT GERMANS! ACHTUNG! SOUND THE ALARM!

THE ALARM SIREN WAILED AN EERIE ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE CONFUSION OF A GARRISON SUDDENLY FIGHTING TO DESTROY THE RAIDERS IN ITS MIDST.

THIS WAY!



HIGGINS' WILD GUERRILLAS SWEEPED LIKE A TIDAL WAVE THROUGH THE MANSION USED BY THE GARRISON COMMANDANT AS HIS H.Q. .



A HOME-MADE PETROL BOMB FIRED A STORE-ROOM AND FLAMES LICKED HUNGRILY AT THE WOODWORK .





OUTSIDE, HIGGINS FOUND THAT VARJO WAS WOUNDED. HIS PARTY HAD RUN INTO STIFF OPPOSITION.

IT IS TIME TO GO, COLONEL. I WILL STAY AND GIVE YOU COVERING FIRE WITH THE MACHINE GUN.

NO, VARJO, OLD FRIEND—WE WILL NOT LEAVE YOU BEHIND.



THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY BACK THROUGH THE GATE, TAKING THEIR WOUNDED WITH THEM. BUT OUT OF THE FIFTY WHO HAD TAKEN PART IN THE RAID, FEWER THAN HALF THAT NUMBER CAME OUT.

TONIGHT WE WILL LIE UP IN THE WOODS—ALREADY JERRY REINFORCEMENTS WILL BE SEARCHING FOR US.



THE STOIC PARTISANS MADE CAMP AS BEST THEY COULD. BUT THERE WAS NO JUBILATION OVER THEIR VICTORY.

DO NOT BE SAD, COLONEL. WE HAVE SMASHED THE SIMINI STRONGPOINT OF THE GERMANS.

WE'VE LOST OVER TWENTY MEN, VARJO, WITH YOU AND OTHERS WOUNDED. FOR WHAT? A FEW MACHINE PISTOLS, THE DESTRUCTION OF A SUB-H.Q. OF THE JERRIES—AND NO AMMUNITION!



THE EX-GUNNER WOULD NOT BE COMFORTED. HE HAD GAMBLED AWAY LIVES TO GET ARMS AND AMMUNITION, AND AGAIN HE HAD FAILED.

TONIGHT WAS ANOTHER DEFEAT, VARJO. I AM A BAD LEADER. I KNOW IT AT LAST.

NOT SO, COLONEL... SOON THERE WILL BE AN AIR-DROP AND ALL WILL BE WELL!



THEY HID UP IN THE WOODS FOR TWO DAYS BECAUSE A NEW REGIMENT OF GERMANS WAS COMBING THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR THEM. AT LAST THEY REACHED THE SHELTER OF ANOTHER VILLAGE STRONGHOLD OF THE PARTISANS.

ANOTHER INGLESÌ HAS COME IN THE NIGHT BY PARACHUTE. HE ASKS FOR YOU, COLONEL BRANDON!


STONE THE CROWS! NOW WHAT DO I DO?



## Danger No Object

HIGGINS HAD KNOWN THAT SOONER OR LATER HIS DAY OF RECKONING WOULD COME. PUTTING ON A BOLD FACE, HE WENT TO MEET THE NEW ARRIVAL . . .

H'MMM! HE'S AN OFFICER.  
BUT HE PROBABLY WOULDN'T  
KNOW ME OR THE REAL  
COLONEL BRANDON  
FROM ADAM...



THE OFFICER SEATED AT THE  
WIRELESS SET TURNED—AND  
HIGGINS SAW HIS FACE!

MAJOR  
VESTHEY!

GOOD GRIEF!  
IT'S HIGGINS!





## Chapter 3. *Night Ambush*

AFTER THE FIRST SHOCK OF SEEING HIS OLD BATTERY COMMANDER, HIGGINS FELT A WAVE OF IMMENSE RELIEF AS HE UNBURDENED HIMSELF.



HE TOLD VESTHEY OF THE USELESSLY SQUANDERED AMMO, THE RAIDS THAT HAD YIELDED NOTHING AND THE REBELLIOUS TYPES LIKE BEKOV, WHO WERE SPREADING DISCONTENT.

WELL, HIGGINS, H.Q. SEEM TO THINK THE SHOW IS GOING ALL RIGHT. THEY SENT ME TO DISCUSS PLANS FOR EXPANDING ACTIVITIES.

IT'S ALL YOURS, MAJOR. I'LL GET MY CARDS ON THE WAY OUT, AND MOVE IN WITH THE PRIVATES.



HIGGINS DUMPED HIS KIT IN AN EMPTY BARN AND TIDIED HIMSELF UP. NOW THAT HIS RESPONSIBILITIES WERE OVER HE FELT ALMOST LIGHT-HEARTED.



VESTHEY HAD COMMANDEERED AND WORKED ON THE PARTISANS' RADIO SET ALMOST FROM THE TIME OF HIS ARRIVAL WITH SOME SUCCESS.



HIGGINS WAS NOT WORRIED ABOUT WHAT THE BRASS HATS AT H.Q. WOULD SAY. AFTER ALL, HE HAD ONLY DONE HIS BEST—BUT VESTHEY'S NEXT WORDS TOOK THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS.



I TOLD H.Q. OF THE IMMENSE DIFFICULTIES YOU'VE HAD. THE PARTISANS ARE PROUD TYPES. A COLONEL TO LEAD 'EM IS OKAY BUT IF THEY RECKON GUNNER HIGGINS WAS JUST STRINGING 'EM ALONG — WELL, H.Q. RECKON IT WOULD RUIN GOOD RELATIONS. SO YOU STAY A COLONEL AND I GO TO BOSNIA TO ORGANISE ANOTHER PARTISAN BAND — SIR!



HIGGINS WAS STILL GLUMLY RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK WHEN VESTEY DEPARTED . . .

YOU'VE GOT THE EXTRA ROUNDS OF AMMO AND SOME PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE THAT I BROUGHT IN — AND H.Q. HAVE FIRMLY PROMISED YOU AN AIR-DROP WITHIN THE NEXT WEEK .

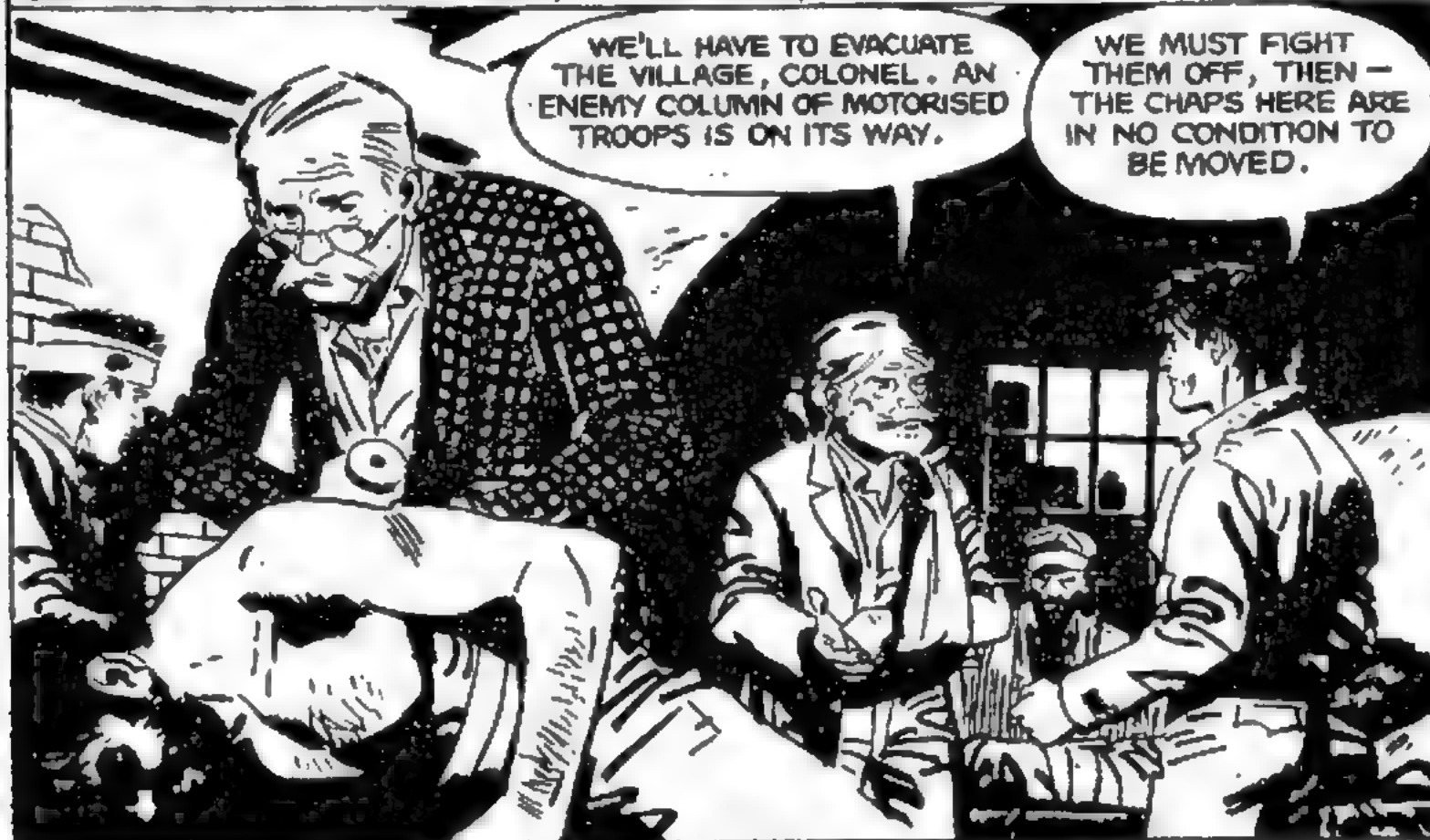
I'LL BELIEVE THAT WHEN I SEE IT!



HIGGINS, THE BURDEN OF COMMAND SQUARELY ON HIS SHOULDERS AGAIN, WENT TO SEE THE WOUNDED MEN. VARJO, AT ANY RATE, WAS ON HIS FEET.

WE'LL HAVE TO EVACUATE THE VILLAGE, COLONEL. AN ENEMY COLUMN OF MOTORISED TROOPS IS ON ITS WAY.

WE MUST FIGHT THEM OFF, THEN — THE CHAPS HERE ARE IN NO CONDITION TO BE MOVED.





EVEN IN HIS OWN EARS, HIGGINS' ASSERTION THAT THEY COULD FIGHT THE COLUMN SOUNDED FUTILE AND THE CONTEMPTUOUS VOICE OF BLACK BEKOV EMPHASISED IT.

AH, THE GREAT BATTLE LEADER SENT TO US BY THE BRITISH, THE WONDERFUL COLONEL WHO WASTES OUR BULLETS ON USELESS RAIDS AND THEN BIDS US ATTACK WITH OUR BARE HANDS ...



BEKOV AND HIS FOLLOWERS SHOULDERED THEIR WAY INTO THE ROOM AND FACED HIGGINS BELLIGERENTLY... BUT HE STOOD UP TO THEM.

THE GERMANS DON'T KNOW THAT WE HAVE BEEN WARNED OF THEIR APPROACH. THAT'S ONE WEAPON ON OUR SIDE - AND IF WE CAN DESTROY THIS CONVOY, THEN WE'LL HAVE ALL THE ARMS WE NEED.



ALREADY A PLAN WAS TAKING SHAPE IN HIS MIND. A MOTORISED COLUMN COULD ONLY APPROACH THEM BY ONE ROAD — THAT OFFERED ONE SLENDER CHANCE OF SUCCESS.



I SHALL NEED SOMEONE STRONG AND QUICK — THE BEST GERMAN-FIGHTER AMONG YOU. I RECKON THAT'S YOU, BEKOV!

BEKOV WAS STAGGERED. ALTHOUGH HE WAS QUITE SURE HE WAS THE BEST FIGHTER OF GERMANS AMONG THE PARTISANS, HE HAD NEVER EXPECTED HIGGINS TO AGREE.



IF BEKOV DOES NOT CARE TO GO, I WILL GO ALONE, OF COURSE.

I COME WITH YOU, ENGLISHMAN! WHATEVER YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO ALSO.

HIGGINS HAD LITTLE TIME TO PERFECT HIS PLAN. AND WHEN HE AND BEKOV REACHED THE POINT OF AMBUSH IN THE GATHERING DARKNESS, HE FUMBLER FOR THE RIGHT CROAT WORDS SO THAT THERE WOULD BE NO MISTAKE.



THERE — THAT IS WHERE WE WILL WAIT FOR THE COLUMN. WHEN THE FIRST LORRY COMES ROUND THE CLIFF SIDE WE WILL HAVE MAYBE TWENTY SECONDS TO DO WHAT WE HAVE TO DO.

LOOK TO YOUR OWN SPEED AND SKILL, ENGLISHMAN. I KNOW MINE.

THEY HAD ONLY JUST TAKEN UP THEIR CAREFULLY CHOSEN POSITIONS WHEN THEY HEARD THE ROAR OF ENGINES ON THE CLIFF ROAD. BEKOY GAVE A GRUNT OF DISMAY . . .

SO! ARMED  
MOTOR CYCLISTS ARE  
COMING — WHAT IS  
YOUR PLAN NOW,  
ENGLISHMAN?

LET THE MOTOR CYCLISTS  
PASS, AND WAIT FOR THE  
FIRST VEHICLE.



THE SLENDER THREAD OF HIGGINS' PLAN LOOKED LIKE SNAPPING. EVERYTHING DEPENDED ON A SWIFT ATTACK, UNSEEN BY THE REST OF THE CONVOY, ON THE FIRST LORRY TO COME ROUND THE BEND. BUT THE VANGUARD OF OUTRIDERS WAS AN EXTRA HAZARD HE SHOULD HAVE FORESEEN.

DARN IT!  
WE'VE GOT TO  
CHANCE IT.





FROM EACH SIDE OF THE ROAD, HIGGINS AND BEKOV LEAPED AT THE FIRST TRUCK, AND THE GERMANS' CRIES OF SURPRISE AND FEAR WERE STIFLED BEFORE THEY WERE UTTERED.

IF THE NEXT LORRY IS LESS THAN FIFTY YARDS BEHIND, WE'VE HAD IT.



AS BEKOV BUNDLED THE DRIVER AND HIS MATE OUT OF THE CAB AND OFF THE ROAD, HIGGINS SLID BEHIND THE STEERING WHEEL. ALREADY THE SECOND TRUCK WAS APPROACHING THE BEND IN THE ROAD BEHIND THEM.

THESE WILL TROUBLE MY COUNTRY NO MORE!

QUICK, BEKOV—QUICK!



THE STALLED ENGINE OF THE HI-JACKED LORRY SNARLED RELUCTANTLY TO LIFE AS THE REST OF THE CONVOY NOSED INTO SIGHT.

PHEW! SO FAR SO GOOD — THEY DON'T KNOW THEY HAVE A NEW DRIVER AND HIS MATE IN THE COLUMN!



THE GERMAN OUTRIDERS, REALISING THERE HAD BEEN SOME DELAY, HAD SENT ONE OF THEIR NUMBER BACK TO INVESTIGATE. HE WAVED THEM URGENTLY ONWARDS.

THEY PROBABLY MEAN THIS COLUMN TO SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT IN OUR VILLAGE. THAT GIVES US FIVE MILES TO DO OUR BIT.

HE DOES NOT RECOGNISE US!



# Danger No Object

AGAIN THE OUTRIDERS MOVED ON AHEAD, AND HIGGINS SLOWED THE PACE OF HIS LEADING LORRY TO ENCOURAGE THE TRUCKS BEHIND HIM TO CLOSE UP THE INTERVALS.

HERE — THIS IS WHERE WE LOSE OUR MOTOR-BIKE ESCORT, WITH A BIT OF LUCK! WE'LL LEAD OUR CHUMS BEHIND US ALONG THE CLIFF ROAD — IT LEADS NOWHERE.



THEY BLITHELY TOOK THE RIGHT-HAND FORK AND THE OTHER TRUCKS FOLLOWED. SOON THEY CAME TO A SHARP CORNER AND A PRECIPITOUS DROP WHERE THE ROAD HAD FALLEN AWAY. HIGGINS PUT THE GEAR IN NEUTRAL AND HE AND BEKOV JUMPED FOR THEIR LIVES.





EVEN AS THEY HIT THE SNOW, THEIR TRUCK WAS PLUMMETING TO DESTRUCTION — AND THE SECOND AND THIRD VEHICLES WERE CLOSE BEHIND.



CONCEALED BENEATH THE LIP OF THE ROAD, THEY SAW THE OTHER TWO TRUCKS BRAKE DESPERATELY WHEN THEIR DRIVERS GLIMPSED THE YAWNING CREVASSE BEFORE THEM — AND SKID INEXORABLY OVER THE EDGE.



HIGGINS GRINNED AT THIS JUDGMENT OF HIMSELF BUT THE GRIN FADED WHEN HE LOOKED DOWN INTO THE VALLEY.

GOOD GRIEF!  
A JERRY DETACHMENT  
HAS GOT THERE FIRST.  
THEY'RE CARRYING  
AWAY ALL THE  
STORES!

YOU SEE, AS A  
LEADER—PAH! SOONER  
WOULD I SALUTE OUR  
VILLAGE GOATS THAN  
YOU, COLONEL!



ANGER STRUGGLED WITH SURPRISE IN  
HIGGINS' MIND AT THE YUGOSLAV'S  
REACTION. BEKOV WAS ACTUALLY  
LAUGHING DERISIVELY . . .

DO NOT ALARM YOURSELF,  
COLONEL. THE MEN IN ENEMY  
UNIFORMS ARE MY OWN GUERRILLAS.  
I ORDERED THEM TO BE HERE TO  
COLLECT THE STORES IF OUR  
OPERATION SUCCEEDED.



STONE THE  
CROWS! THAT WAS  
A SMART MOVE, BEKOV!  
STILL, YOU CAN'T EXPECT  
ME TO THINK OF EVERYTHING.

BY ROUTING THE GERMAN CONVOY AND CAPTURING MUCH NEEDED SUPPLIES, THE PARTISANS WERE ABLE TO REMAIN WITHOUT FEAR IN THEIR VILLAGE STRONGHOLD, BUT THE MORNING BROUGHT BAD NEWS FROM NEIGHBOURING VILLAGES.



THE NEW ARMS WERE A BOON, BUT THEY OFFERED SCANTY FIRE POWER FOR THE ATTACK HIGGINS KNEW THEY MUST MAKE ON THE RICH PRIZE OF RAVELIC.

IF YOU ATTACK THE TOWN, COLONEL, WE SHALL BE FORCED TO SQUANDER ALL OUR AMMUNITION ONCE AGAIN.

WHAT THE HECK WOULD MONTY DO? IF WE ATTACK AND FAIL—THAT'LL BE THE END OF THIS BAND...



MORE THAN EVER, THE EX-GUNNER NEEDED THE LOYAL CO-OPERATION OF THE PARTISANS...

IT IS AS SIMPLE AS THIS, MY FRIENDS—IF WE DO NOT ATTACK, YOUR PROVINCE IS LOST. IF WE WIN, YOUR PROVINCE IS SAVED.

BUT ONLY AN ARMY COULD WIN—IT WOULD BE SUICIDE FOR OUR PARTISAN MOVEMENT!





THEIR FACES SHOWED THAT THEY REJECTED HIM, AND THE ONLY SUPPORT CAME FROM THE MOST SURPRISING QUARTER OF ALL — FROM BLACK BEKOV.



I SAY THE ENGLISHMAN IS RIGHT. ARE WE CRAVEN CURS THAT WE LET THE FILTHY NAZIS TAKE OVER OUR COUNTRY WITHOUT A FIGHT? MY DETACHMENT WILL GO WITH HIM TO RAVELIC.

IT IS MADNESS — BUT I WILL BE THERE WITH MY MEN, ALSO.

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE PARTISAN LEADERS GRACIOUSLY PLEDGED THEIR MEN TO THE COMING BATTLE.

THE ATTACK WAS TIMED FOR DAWN AFTER HIGGINS HAD SPENT SIX WEARY HOURS OVER THE DETAILS, ISSUING ORDERS AND CURSING AND CAJOLING THE PARTISANS TO DO IT HIS WAY.



THE DIE IS CAST, COLONEL — WE SHALL BACK YOU TO THE LAST MAN.

I KNOW IT, VARJO — AND IT IS HARD TO KNOW THAT BLAME FOR SO MANY LIVES WILL BE MINE IF WE FAIL.

WHEN HIGGINS GAVE THE WORD, THE PARTISANS SPRANG FROM COVER TO STORM THE BRIDGE IN A HAIL OF FIRE.

LET'S GO!



THE AUDACITY OF THE ATTACK SWEEPED THE OUTER DEFENCES OF THE ENEMY RUTHLESSLY ASIDE . . .

USE EXPLOSIVES ON THE BRIDGE AND THE SIGNAL BOX. BUT USE IT CAREFULLY—IT'S ALL THAT MAJOR VESTEY BROUGHT WITH HIM.



WITH HOME-MADE PETROL BOMBS, AND CORDITE FROM CAPTURED SHELLS, THE GUERRILLAS LACED THE STATION AND THE RAILWORKS WITH DESTRUCTION.



BLACK BEKOV, WITH HIS PARTY OF RAIDERS, WAS ATTACKING THE WATER WORKS AND THE PUMPING MACHINERY.





MEANWHILE, VARJO'S SQUAD WERE STORMING INTO THE GERMANS' VEHICLE PARK.

EACH MAN  
TAKE A  
LORRY...

I HAVE FOUND  
AN ENGINEERS' TRUCK  
— WITH EXPLOSIVES,  
VARJO!

WH-71086

HIGGINS WAS IN THE RADIO STATION  
WHEN HE SAW THE TOWN ROAD  
BRIDGE GO UP.

THAT'S VARJO'S AREA.  
HE MUST HAVE FOUND  
SOMETHING GOOD TO  
MAKE A BANG LIKE  
THAT. GOOD OLD  
VARJO!



THEY HAD HIT THE WAKING RAVELIC LIKE A TORNADO. GERMAN UNITS WERE CONVERGING ON THE TOWN FROM THE HILLS WHEN HIGGINS GAVE THE VEREY LIGHT SIGNAL TO WITHDRAW.

WELL DONE, YOU BLOKES. BUT THIS IS WHERE WE BEAT IT. WE'VE PUT RAVELIC OUT OF ACTION FOR A FORTNIGHT, AT LEAST.



THEY FOUGHT OFF THE GERMANS, AND MADE THEIR WAY TO THE PRE-ARRANGED RENDEZVOUS IN THE WOODS. ONLY THEN DID HIGGINS REALISE HOW HEAVY HAD BEEN THEIR CASUALTIES.

THE RAID HAS COST OUR BAND MANY MEN.

OUR HEARTS ARE LIGHT, COLONEL—NEVER BEFORE HAVE WE DONE THE GERMANS SO MUCH DAMAGE.



AS THE DETACHMENT LEADERS REPORTED IN, THE COUNT OF THE CASUALTIES INCREASED. HIGGINS BRACED HIMSELF TO MEET VARJO'S REPROACHES.

I AM SORRY, VARJO, BUT WHATEVER YOU SAY, THIS THING HAD TO BE DONE. WE WILL TAKE OUR WOUNDED IN FARM CARTS TO WHERE THEY CAN BE LOOKED AFTER.



I SALUTE YOU, COLONEL HIGGINS... TODAY I KNOW THE BRITISH SENT US A SOLDIER WORTHY OF OUR CAUSE!

THE OLD PARTISAN GRINNED SLYLY AS HE REVEALED HOW HE HAD COME BY HIGGINS' SECRET.

I WAS WITH MAJOR VESTER WHEN HE SENT HIS RADIO MESSAGES ABOUT YOU TO THE BRITISH H.Q. THE MAJOR DID NOT THINK I UNDERSTOOD ENGLISH. BUT I JUDGED IT GOOD TO KEEP THE SECRET. WE NEEDED A LEADER — AND WE HAVE FOUND ONE!



HIGGINS, TOO STIRRED TO REPLY, TURNED TO GREET THE ARRIVAL OF BEKOV AND OTHER DETACHMENT COMMANDERS.

WE DID ALL THAT YOU COMMANDED! IT HAS BEEN A DAY OF VICTORY FOR OUR CAUSE AND WE HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR THIS, COLONEL. I, BEKOV SAY YOU ARE THE BEST LEADER WE HAVE EVER HAD.

IT IS AS BEKOV SAYS!





AS THE WEARY BUT TRIUMPHANT PARTY WOUND ITS WAY INTO THE HILLS TO HEAL ITS WOUNDS AND GO ON HOPING FOR AN AIR-DROP, HIGGINS FELT LIKE A MAN REBORN. HE WAS NOT A FAILURE. HE HAD JUSTIFIED THE FAITH OF VESTEY AND THE LOYALTY OF THIS BAND OF FIGHTERS.



Printed in England by Messrs. Percy Brothers Ltd., Manchester 1, and published each month by Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd. South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstons Ltd. WAR PICTURES LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or added to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

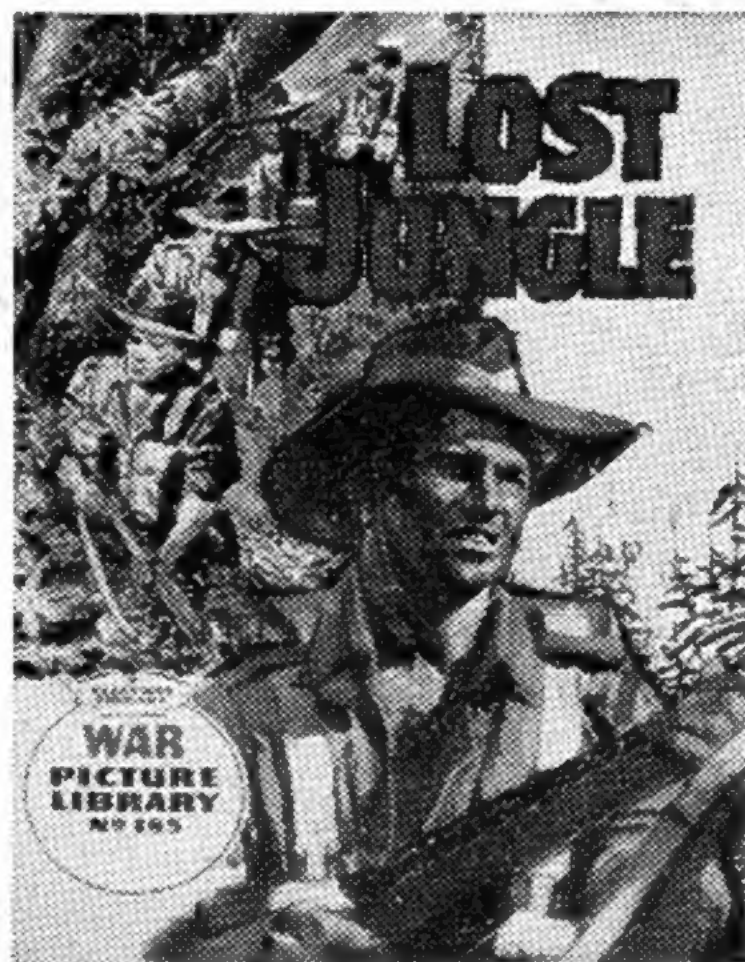
**ALSO ON SALE NOW**

**FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .**

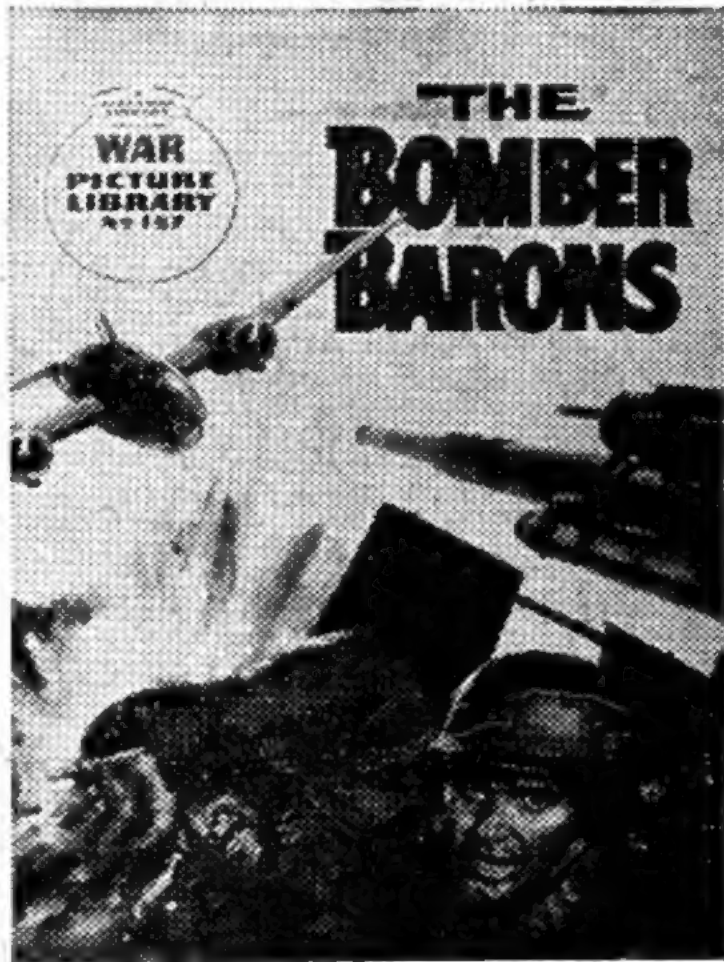
# **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY**

**No. 185—LOST JUNGLE**

**No. 187—THE BOMBER BARONS**



Veterans and hardened criminals, thrown together in a jungle paradise—torn between duty and the lust for gold.



A squadron spirit is forged in the fiery skies over the target, tempered with the courage of those who fought and died there

**ALSO ON SALE NOW :—**

**No. 186—THE BLOOD OF HEROES**

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale 1st April, are :—

**No. 188—THEY ALSO SERVE**

**No. 190—JUNGLE AFLAME**

**No. 189—THE SILENT WITNESS**

**No. 191—FIGHT—OR DIE !**



# MUSCLES Made Easy!

I'LL PROVE IN 7 DAYS  
THAT YOU CAN BUILD  
HANDSOME MUSCLES

I don't waste your time and energy with strenuous exercises, weights and other contraptions. I guarantee to give you a strong, healthy body crammed with live, rippling, handsome muscles. How will I do it? With 'Dynamic-Tension'—my discovery that transformed me from a 7-stone weakling into the World's Champion. 'Dynamic-Tension' is the easy, natural way of developing real men—inside and out. It broadens your shoulders, deepens your chest, makes your arms and legs strong and practically tireless. Not only that—it also gets rid of tiredness, constipation, and other joy-killing ailments.

## ACCEPT MY FREE 7 DAY TRIAL

If you don't get real results within one week, you won't owe me a penny! Try my system now—and be the Man you should be!

**32-PAGE BOOK—FREE.** Read about my amazing trial offer in my famous Book. See what "Dynamic-Tension" has done for me and thousands of others, what it can do for you! Post coupon at once to—**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 17-Q, Chitty Street, London, W.1.**



## 32 - Page Book **FREE**

### CHARLES ATLAS

DEPT 17-Q, CHITTY STREET, LONDON, W.1.

I want proof that your system of "DYNAMIC-TENSION" will make me a New Man. Send me your book "You, Too, Can Be A New Man" **FREE**, and details of your amazing 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER

NAME..... Age.....  
(Capital Letters, Please)

ADDRESS .....

**POST  
NOW**